



VOLUME CXXXVIII—No. 36.

NEWPORT, R. I. FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,845

The Newport Mercury,

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1765, and is now in its hundred and thirty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is largely a weekly of fifty-six columns, containing interesting reading on State, local and general news, and selected miscellany and valuable articles and household departments—teaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising being very valuable to business men.

Subscription: \$2.00 per annum. Single copies 10 cents. Extra copies can always be had at the office of the publication and at various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

NEWPORT COUNCIL, No. 31, Order United American Mechanics, John S. Carr, Conductor; James E. Mathewson, Recording Secretary; meets every Monday evening.

WORKMAN'S UNION, No. 49, I. O. O. F., Herk Rauh, Noble Grand; Perry H. Davy, Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening.

ALMERE LODGE NO. 63, E. O. F., Henry H. Young, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Dr. Frederick Bradley, President; Alexander McMillan, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

PHENYMAN'S LODGE, No. 332, K. of H., Dictator, Elwin Noyd; Reporter, C. H. Chase; meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.

WOODWOD LODGE NO. 11, K. of P., Thomas Lucas, Chancellor; Commander: Daniel P. Hull, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION NO. 8, U. R. K. of P., Brig. Knight Captain, A. B. Davis; Charles H. Koenig, Jr., Recorder; meets last Friday eve in each month.

Design Selected.

The Gunboat Newport Testimonial Committee met Tuesday evening, when designs for the silver service to be given that craft were submitted from the Gorham Company and the Howard Sterling Company, both of Providence; a representative of each firm being present to explain the drawings submitted by his company. After a thorough exposition of what the plans contemplated they withdrew, leaving the drawings in the hands of the committee. After a full discussion of both, the committee voted to accept the Gorham design, and appointed a committee, consisting of Rear Admiral Luce, State Auditor Landers and Postmaster Young, to arrange the terms upon which the service could be purchased.

There are six pieces in the set, a centrepiece, a pitcher and four tureens. Of these the largest and most elaborate is the centrepiece, composed of a jardiniere or flower bowl, resting in a shell supported on a base, from which two branches twin in flowing curves to the right and left, supporting smaller bowls designed for fruit. Entwined around these branches and serving as supports are dolphins, their heads resting against the base or plinth. The bowl has a graceful, wide and sweeping curve, the top nodulating and curving like the top of a wave breaking on the shore. On the sides of the bowl stretches representing scenes in the history of Newport, or of Newport—on one the Old Stone Mill, on the other the Battle of Lake Erie, in which Perry swept the British from the Great Lakes. At the ends are the seals of the city and the Navy Department. The double shell in which the jardiniere rests, is in turn supported by a massive base, from which the branches holding the smaller bowls curve. The plinth is oval in shape, and sea shells and dolphins form the decorations of the sides. The centrepiece is 12 inches high, with a length of 23 inches. The tureens adhere to the same general treatment of bowl, resting in a scalloped shell, with dolphins at the top, and a broad and wide plinth with curving edges. The handles are formed of dolphins with spreading tails, and the handle of the cover is also composed of two dolphins holding between them a shell. On the sides of the cover are the seals, and on the sides of the tureen, sketches of Newport scenes. The pitcher is of tall and graceful shape having the same curve noted in the other pieces, and the same general decorative treatment. The seals are present, and the front of the pitcher shows a scene connected with Newport. The handle is formed by a dolphin, and the pitcher is one of the most beautiful articles in the set.

Grand Assembly Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Grand Assembly of Rhode Island, Royal Society of Good Fellows, was held with Burside Assembly, in this city on Wednesday and was well attended, nine assemblies being represented. The morning session was devoted to the reception of reports and other routine business, after which the election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

Grand Ruler—Charles F. Fisher of Saylesville. Grand Instructor—James T. Smith of Central Falls. Grand Counsellor—Charles C. Henry of Providence. Grand Past Ruler—Sherman C. Morton of Providence. Grand Secretary—Jesse W. Coleman of Providence. Grand Treasurer—A. H. Whitaker of Providence. Grand Prelate—Adam Oldfield of Saylesville. Grand Director—John H. Pilling of Central Falls. Grand Guard—Russell O. Arnold of Providence. Grand Seanty—William A. Ward of Newport. Grand Trustee for three years—William E. Denham of Newport.

After the election of officers a recess was taken and dinner was served by Catarer Allen. In the afternoon the grand officers' clost were installed by Supreme Ruler Spouter and the business of the session concluded. The next annual session will be held in Providence.

Company B's Ball.

The members of Company B and their friends spent a very enjoyable evening at the State Armory Wednesday, the occasion being the Company's annual ball. The hall had been tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and electric lights, and was filled with the ladies in handsome gowns and the soldier boys in uniform, presented a pretty scene. Music was furnished by the Naval Station orchestra, Mr. P. J. Sullivan prompting. The grand march was led by Private F. A. Ross and Miss Carrie M. Griffith and was participated in by nearly a hundred couples. The ball was one of the most successful and enjoyable affair ever given in the armory.

The members of Engine Company No. 4 held one of their enjoyable fortnightly bashes Monday evening, while the No. 5 had a similar spread Tuesday evening.

Rev. E. H. Porter has been confined to the house by illness this week.

FEBRUARY WEDDINGS.

McDougall-McVille.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated Wednesday noon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George W. McVille on Church street, when their daughter Miss Clara; Mrs. McVille became the wife of Mr. Frank McDougall. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. J. Maxwell of Trinity church, of which parish the bride is one of the most active members. The house had been very tastefully decorated with flowers and there were present a number of friends of the young people. The bride wore a traveling suit of plum color and carried a bouquet of white carnations. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Rita B. McVille, as bridesmaid, who wore light blue and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Stephen L. Goddard, while the duties of best man were performed by Mr. Patrick Rafferty. A large number of handsome and valuable presents were received by the young people, who left on the 1:20 train of the General, for a trip to New York and Washington.

Crowley-Leyden.

Mr. Timothy P. Crowley, Jr., and Miss Anna Alouysia Leyden were married at St. Mary's Church by Rev. Father Cronan Wednesday morning. The bridal couple were attended by the bride's sister, Miss Eliza Leyden, as bridesmaid, and her brother, Mr. Thomas Leyden, as best man. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the future home of the happy couple on Thames street and later a reception was held, when a large number of friends called to pay their respects.

Fish-Clarke.

On Wednesday evening a very quiet wedding was celebrated at the Trinity Church rectory, the high contracting parties being Miss Eva Bell, daughter of Mr. Marcus Clarke, and Mr. Ernest DeForest Fish. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. J. Maxwell.

Owen-Marden.

Mr. Thomas G. Owen and Miss Nellie Marden were married at the home of the bride's parents on Spring street Thursday evening, Rev. J. N. Mac Donald of the Thames street Methodist Church officiating. After a brief reception Mr. and Mrs. Owen left for a wedding trip.

Lincoln's Birthday.

Yesterday was Lincoln's birthday and it was observed in this city by special exercises in both public and parochial schools. In the evening Gen. G. K. Warren Post and the Associates of that Post held a meeting in their hall when a most interesting and appropriate program was rendered.

In the schools, special programmes had been prepared and the pupils entered with enthusiasm into the rendition of the several numbers.

At the Rogers High School essays were read by Miss Hattie Norman and Miss Bessie Champlin and by Mr. Charles E. Harvey Jr., on Lincoln's life, assassination and funeral.

At the Clarke street building there was a very well executed flag drill by ten young misses, violin selections and patriotic songs, readings and recitations.

At the Lenthal building, beside the patriotic songs, readings and recitations, there were piano and violin duets, banjo selections by the pupils, in addition to which Miss Mary G. Curley, Miss Sadie Bailey and Mr. H. W. Rankin sang, accompanied by Mr. W. B. Boone. At the Townsend Industrial School there were readings pertaining to the life and death of Lincoln.

Tableaux and a flag drill were a special feature of the exercises at the Willow street building. At the Hazard Memorial School the special features were violin and piano music. At all the schools there were patriotic songs and readings, the salute to the flag and addresses by members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In the evening the exercises at Gen. G. K. Warren Post Hall included an address of welcome by Post Commander W. O. Milne, address by Mr. Henry W. Clark, president of the Associates; Junior Vice Commander Joseph P. Cotton, Hon. J. W. Houghton, Rev. Brewster G. Boatman, Dr. A. F. Squire, surgeon of the post; Rev. James M. McDonald, Rev. James M. Craig and others. The addresses were interspersed with songs, including a solo, "Sword of Bunker Hill," by Mr. George A. Pritchard, a hymn, "A Welcome," written by Mr. Henry W. Clark, and dedicated to the Boys of the Blue, to the tune "America" by the audience.

Refreshments were served and a most enjoyable hour was spent.

Brown University has won its case against the city of Providence, and City Treasurer Grainger must now return to that institution the taxes paid to the city under protest for 1893. The court holds that it is the manifest intention of the charter granted the College that all its property should be exempted from taxation.

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Tomorrow will be St. Valentine's Day.

MONTHLY MEETING.

Arrangements for Opening the New Carey School Completed—Teacher Appointed and Janitor Elected.

The regular monthly meeting of the public school committee was held Monday evening. Dr. Barker occupied the chair and there were only two absentees.

Superintendent Baker reported the school attendance for the quarter ending January 29 as follows: Year receiver, 2,812; total register, 2,715; average number belonging, 2,497; average number attending, 2,263; per cent of attendance, 93.7. Number enrolled in Rogers High School, 246; number enrolled in Townsend Industrial School, 850; number enrolled in evening drawing classes, 35; number enrolled in evening book-keeping classes, 17; Elementary school enrollment—Men, 155; women, 85; total, 230. Average belonging—Men, 48; women, 29; total, 77. Per cent of attendance, 71.0.

The Kindergarten and the five lower grades in the Coddington school have a large enrollment and full attendance as a rule. The Kindergarten has 70 pupils; the Third Primary, 60; the Second Primary, 52; the First Primary, 53; the Second Intermediate, 55; the First Intermediate, 62. Besides these, the Second Grammar school enrolls 108. How, asks Mr. Barker, can these schools, for no teacher can instruct properly more than thirty pupils?

Mr. Arthur A. Carey has given the Henry R. A. Carey school a large photograph of a cathedral in Europe—one of the pictures that he had on exhibition in Allston Hall, Boston, during December of last year. While abroad, Mr. Carey selected a large number of photographs, which he had enlarged by the solar process and framed for the purpose of decorating school rooms and hospital wards. It is encouraging to observe the awakening of interest in the matter of art for the school room.

Truant Officer Topham reported 70 cases investigated from Jan. 11 to Feb. 7 inclusive, of which 10 were for truancy and 69 on account of illness, etc.

The report of the committee on

Teachers was read and received and upon its recommendation, it was voted to make Miss Kiernan, at present a teacher in the Lathal school, principal of the new Carey school building at a salary of \$600, she to teach in the second intermediate grade, and Miss Mary Brownell was appointed to fill Miss Kiernan's place in the Lentebal at the rate of \$400; and to appoint Miss Elizabeth Nuss teacher of the first primary grade in the new building.

In the schools, special programmes had been prepared and the pupils entered with enthusiasm into the rendition of the several numbers.

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Unity Club.

Last Tuesday the Anonymous Essay evening came off at the Unity Club place of assembly in the Channing Parlor.

There was an overrunning audience. The subject selected was "Dreams," and there were ten contributions sent in. Two were in verse and eight in prose, and all were read aloud, the readers being Colonel Leslie, Captain Cutton, Dr. Bradley and Mr. A. O. D. Taylor. The following is a list of the unknown writers:

1—Introductory to Dreams, by "None quo dicitur quoniam."

2—It is a Dream by a "Would-be Reformer."

3—A Dream, by "Joseph."

4—Ebenzer's Dream, a poem, by "A Welsh Rabbit."

5—On Dreams, by "Little Comrade."

6—Pot-pourri of Dreams, by "Inu."

7—A Dreamer's Experience, by "Soporific."

8—Dreams of Unity, a poem, by "Toublousie."

9—Dreaming and Schomming, by "Illeramus Jolbs."

10—Letter to the Chairman, by "Julius Turquinus Superbus Peckham."

Some of the essays were very good, but rather heavy and on the side of being too long. Taken as a whole the literary quality was not up to the high standard of excellence which had been previously attained on similar occasions, when really some most brilliant Anonymous Essays appeared.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

DeBlos & Eldridge have rented for the estate of the late William H. Osceola the stone villa on the corner of Bellevue and Narragansett avenues to Mr. Stuyvesant Fish of New York for the season of 1897.

Elizabeth B. Peckham has sold to

William G. Peckham her undivided ninth part of the estate of late Mary H. Peckham, on Biles road and Almy court.

H. L. Dyer, executor of the will of Fanny Lucas, has sold to Patrick J. O'Connell and Rosa, his wife, for \$3,000, the dwelling house and lot of land containing about 10,000 square feet, situated on the corner of Thames street and Lucas avenue.

James H. Maguire has sold to Daniel Board an estate on West Broadway adjoining lands of Benjamin Easton and Constant Smith.

Mr. Daniel Watson has sold for Mrs. Anna C. Clark and others a building lot, containing 10,000 square feet situated on Walcott avenue, Jamestown, to Charles E. Weedon and wife of Jamestown.

Charles A. Holland has sold to A. O. D. Taylor an estate on Holland street containing 2,000 square feet.

Grand Army.

The 30th annual encampment of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, was held in Harris Hall, Woonsocket, on Tuesday, Commander-in-Chief Thaddeus S. Clarkson was present and was given a rousing reception. After the customary addresses and reports which covered the greater part of the morning, the election of officers for the ensuing year was held, resulting as follows:

Commander—Livingston Scott of Woonsocket.

First Vice Commander—Samuel W. H. Smith.

Second Vice Commander—Charles O. Hall of Providence.

Medical Director—Dr. George B. Peck of Providence.

Chaplain—Rev. Hopkins B. Cady of Providence.

Guardian of Administration—Henry G. Luther, of No. 10; Patrick Egan, Post No. 1; James E. Johnson, Post No. 12; Henry J. Dyer, Post No. 13; Charles A. Holland, Post No. 14; and F. D. Dutton, Post No. 15.

Altemates—Joseph B. Holmes, Post No. 14; John C. Murphy, Post No. 15; and Eridix Dutton, Post No. 16.

The following

FORT FRAYNE.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Everything depended on who should get these first, and as the Sioux said of Custer's column the blood day on the Little Horn, "The soldiers were tired."

Extending southward from the peaks of the Big Horn was a wild range of irregular heights, covered in places with a thick growth of bushy young spruce and cottonwood and scrub oak, dashed and covered here and there by deep and frequent canyons with precipitous sides.

Nowhere in among these hills was a big amphitheater known as the Indian race course, approachable in winter at least only through the crooked rifts or pass known for short as Elk gashes. In just such another natural fastness and only a few miles away to the northeast had the Cheyennes made their famous stand against five times their weight in fighting them the bitter winter of 1879, a battle the cavalry had had to remember, and now, with but a handful of troops as compared with the forces led in by MacKenzie, Wayne had tried before him a similar problem to tackle. The only points in his favor were that Big Road's braves were as few as his own and that Fenton had already sent a force to race the Indians to their refuge.

At 6 o'clock the darkness was intense. There was no moon to light their way, and their only guide was the deep trail in the snowy surface left by the retreating Indians. The darkness was no deeper than the gloom in every heart, for Fenton was gone, a wronged and calumniated man, and they, his loyal soldiers, obedient to a higher duty still, were forced to push on and finish his work without him. For an hour only at snail's pace had they followed the trail. But his associates had had many a narrow escape. Lieutenant Martin, commanding the advance, had had his horse shot under him. Sergeant Roe had a bullet through his coat, and Corporal Werrick, riding eagerly in the lead, got another through the shoulder. Luckily it was not very cold, but all the same most of the men were becoming sluggish and sleepy, and that was just about the time Wayne might be expected to wake up. And wake up he did.

"I have had no orders on account to attack," said he, "and I haven't time to wait until the rest they're wired to Fenton. Watch for the next shots ahead there," he cried to the foremost trooper, "and seek it to them!"

Then it was beautiful to see how even the horses seemed torouse from their stupor and apathy, and something almost like a cheer burst from the lips of the younger men. Old hands took a twig of water from their canteens and a bite at the comforting plug. Out from the rockets came the brown carbines, and a fresh platoon was ordered up to relieve the advance, and Lieutenant Randolph took Martin's place at the front. Every little while through the darkness ahead had come a flash and report from the invisible fox, and, as those had been suffered unanswered, it was soon observed that the lurking warriors grew bolder and that with every shot the distance seemed to decrease. For half an hour past they had been coming in from easy pistol range, and Randolph took the cue. Bidding his men open out and ride several yards apart, yet aligned as much as was possible, he ordered carbines dropped and revolvers drawn and then, trotting along the rear of the dozen, gave his quick caution to man after man. "Watch for the flash and fire at it. Even if we don't hit, we'll keep them at a respectful distance," he said, and the words were hardly out of his mouth when a ruddy light, leaped over the snow, a shot went through his head, and then, followed by a roar of approval from the main column, the revolvers of the advance cracked and spattered their answer. The landscape was lit up for an instant, dark forms went pealing and scurrying away from the front, and a moment later there arose a cheer over at the right, and Randolph galloped to the spot. An Indian pony lay kicking, straggling, stiffening in the snow, shot through the body, and the rider had had to run for it.

"That's right, Randolph," said the major, springing to his side. "Now, keep 'em off, but don't push too hard. Remember, we've got to give Farwell time."

"How far ahead is that confounded canyon, Farwell?" asked the adjutant at the moment.

"Not more than two miles now. I hunted hounds over here when I was a boy," was the answer. "Big Road's people all there by this time, I'm afraid."

"Then you think that they got there first; that they've got the突its?"

"I'm afraid so. Big Road no fool. He wouldn't let his village drive into a gulch and not guard the flats. If the captain got there first, they'd have foams in their mouths and signaled for help. The reason I believe they think they're all safe is that so many Indians hang around us out here."

And just then came a great of digests from Lt. Boren. The colonel at his side said "H—!" and an exasperate trooper called out, "Look the third! What's that?" for one of the northeast, all on a sudden, a brilliant column of smoke had burst through the blackness of the night and sent a broad plume streaming over the snow-clad surface of the rolling prairie.

"They're on to us, by the stars!" cried the adjutant, who loved the Jack-sparrow form of expletive. "Listen! But no one listened more than an instant. Even through the muffling cover of snow the rumble and rush of a hundred pony hoofs, like low, distant thunder, told of the instant flight of Big Road's braves in answer to the signal. Wayne was alive in a second.

"Close up on the head of column," he shouted to the troop leaders. "Come on, now, men. For all you're worth there isn't a second to spare."

And as the amazed and wearied horses gave answer to the spur and broke into jolting gallop far over at the west the troopers began to ring in the crackle of rifles. Farwell and the Sioux had dashed on the butts to the south of the springs and were lighting in the dark for the right of way.

Ten miles away, at Allred's ranch, weighed with the sleepless toll of 21 hours, too weary to keep awake even by the exasperating noise of brawlings, the colonel was just rolling into his blankets for a much needed rest before setting forth with the rising sun on his homeward road. Fifty miles away over the white expanse of prairie, under the cold and glittering skies, Major Farwell sat by the bedside of her beloved daughter, praying ceaselessly for the safety of a equally beloved son now living for the first time in his now young life to prove his worthiness to bear the father's name in headlong flight with a savage and skillful bow.

And if even a young fellow, weary of the army blue, realized to the full extent the hopes and faith and loneliness centered in him this night of defeat, it was Will Farwell. Barely arrived at man's estate, not yet a year out of the cadet corps, with his mother, his sister, his sweetheart, all there at the old fort so long associated with his father's name, with that name to maintain, and not only that, but with Malcolm Leslie's old troop as one man looking up to him as their leader, yet compelled, down to the very last man, to note the faintest flaw should he fall them, the junior subaltern of the Twelfth, the "spear" Lieutenant, as his older, laughingly spoke of him, found himself, as though some special Providence had sent him from his path every possible hazard to danger and distinction, lifted suddenly to a command that seldom falls to army subalterns today even within a dozen years and hidden here and now to win his spurs for the honor of the old corps, the honor of the Twelfth, the honor of the name his father made famous and that he must maintain or die in trying to. All this, and God alone knows how much more besides, went thrilling through his very soul as on Farwell's left and in utter gloominess leaped swiftly onward at the head of the column. Leaving to his own first Lieutenant the command of the gray, Captain Farwell had told him to follow close in the tracks of Farwell's men and, with only one of the Indian company to aid and no other guide of any kind but his senses and the stars, had placed himself in the lead and pushed forth into the night.

"Swing well out to the west," were Farwell's last orders. "Keep dark, as you know how. Head for the hills as soon as you've sure you're far beyond hearing and try to strike these bluffs a couple of miles at least back of the mouth of the canyon. You ought to get there ahead of the village. Hold it with a few men down in the gorge, but hold your main body on the bluffs. We'll keep Big Road busy."

Laughter the stars were brilliant in the wintry sky and the constellations out in all their glory. The pole star glowed high aloft and held thence their course. Out in the distance, lashing his horse with Indian whip to keep him to his speed, rode Brave Bear, a corporal of the Ogallala company, side by side with Sergeant Borenson. Whenever the drifts were deep in the ravines, one or two of them would leap and wash the column to swing to the right or left. Only a yard or two behind the two officers—Farwell, grizzled and stern, Farwell, fair and slender—came loping or trotting the leading four, and, though it was not his accustomed place, there rode Terry Rock, who, as he had explained to the satisfaction of the sergeant, he could be close to "Master Will." The prairie was broad and open and fairly level. There was no need of diminishing front. A platoon could have ridden abreast and found no serious obstacles, except the snowdrifts in the deep canyons. Two miles to the west they sped, moving cautiously at first so as to give no inkling of their intent, and, for the first time, almost doubling back upon their tracks, so as to keep well away from the Indian rear guard.

Then, in long curve, Farwell led them toward the low, rolling hills, now dimly visible against the firmament, and presently the ravines began to grow deeper but farther apart, the slopes more abrupt, and the westward hills loomed closer in their path, and still the snowy expanse shone unbroken, and Bear, bending low over his pony's neck and watching for signs, declared that no Indians had crossed as yet into the hills and that the distance to Big Road was now not more than a mile to the north.

And here the hills rolled higher, both to their front and toward the west, but Farwell was on a gradual ascent until the slope began to grow steep, then, dismounting, for the way ahead, the whole column rolling out of saddle and toting its horses in its track.

Up, up the elevated mtn, breathing hard now, but pushing relentlessly on, the captain reached the crest, and faint and dim in the starlight, dotted here and there with little clumps of spruce and cedar, the rolling billowy surface lay before him, shrouded in its mantle of glistening snow. Leading on until the whole command had time to reach the top, he motioned Will to halt, while he, with Bear and Sergeant Borenson, pushed a few yards farther on. The column took a breathing spell and waited.

Far out to the eastward and below them an occasional flash as of rifle or revolver sparked through the night, and the faint report was presently borne to their listening ears. Big Road was still hazing the way of the column, and that meant that all the village was not yet safe within the grim walls of the canyon. Northward the snowy slope rolled higher still but it was northwardward among the clumps of trees that the riders had gone. The steams from the horses' nostrils and frosty leaves hanging thick res on the keen air, and the blood raced and tingled in the veins of the men. Not a whisper of mountain breeze was heard. The night was as still as the voiceless skies. Tiresome numbers were beating hearts, the little command waiting and waiting and drew longer breath and then a dark Chapman, going back from the front, and Farwell's voice said, "Mount and ride."

Then came 15 minutes more, winding and winding in road extending eastward of two among the stunted trees, and then, far off, came "Wah!" for news that one of a party had come up to them, and Farwell waited his horses about and rode to the captain. "We caught the word," he said. "You can hear the men, I suppose, and the big hills to the right of way."

"Open out to the eastward and follow them as fast as you can!" shouted Will as he rode, the line through the snow

He struggled to his feet, groping for his revolver.

Let me be wan of them that go wid ye if ye only take wan," and there was a break in the old fellow's voice as he began his plea.

"Hush, Rocke. We'll see to that," said Farwell. "Here comes the captain back." And Farwell came with speed.

"My Farwell," he said, an unsmile, able tremored in his tone. "There's not a moment to be lost. They are passing through the canyon now. We can hear them plainly, but they have blasters out along the bluffs. Two bluffs wide by not a moment ago, and Bear says the whole outfit is passing by the race track. I've got to head them off, farther up the gulch. Bear says we can get down in single file by an old game trail, and I wish you to dismount right here, line this slope with your men, send at least a dozen down into the ravine and stand off Big Road and his fellows while we cover that whole village and start it for us. They can't roll how few you are in such a place. Between you and them, we'll be close at their heels. Between you they ought to be forced to the north side while I'm driving the village out to the south. You understand, do you not? It's a fight in the dark, and they're afraid of it, anyhow. You've got a splendid trooper, but, and they won't fail you. Don't be ashamed to ask your old sergeants for advice. You understand fully?"

"I do," said Will steadily, though his young heart was hammering in his breast. "We'll do our best, sir. Four fours, sergeant, and link—lively," he added, then grasped the captain's hand one instant before the latter turned away. Silently, quickly, the men linked horses and, leaving No. 4 of each set in saddle, came running up to the front, the ringing carbines on the way. Farwell and his fellows went trotting off among the bluffs of pine as the last man fell in on the left. Then, quickly dividing a dozen troopers from that bank, Will placed the first sergeant in charge and bade him find the way down the steep incline to the bottom of the gorge, while there was not more than 250 feet below, give him instructions to be ready to sweep it with their fire when the warriors came, as come they speedily were. Next, faring eastward, he deployed his men, causing them to stand or kneel in the shelter of the little trees, and kept vigilant lookout. Another little squad was strung out down the face of the bluff to keep company with the men descending to the depths of the canyon, and these prepared to be barely concealed when, riding at rapid gait, two horsemen came dashed up the eastward slope. The ringing of the ponies could be heard before anything could be seen, but the instant the vague shapes appeared, two sudden shots rang out on the right, and then a dozen— a patterning volley—thudded from the bluffs.

Down went the pony, straggling and rolling in the snow. Away sped the other back into the blackness of the night. Then a dark object seemed to disengage itself from the straggling pony and go crashing and limping away. Two or three excited young soldiers bashed their carbines without the faintest aim. Then it seemed as though the hillsides were to a wild reveal of battle, for behind them, far up the canyon, there rose a wall of terror from the fleeing squaws and children of the few who had left to guard them, revealing warthoops of younger Indians somewhere, anywhere, everywhere, down the slope to the east. Then a bright column of flame shot high in air over among the rocks to the north of the path, and afar out over the eastward prairie, Big Road and his braves came dashing, driving, thundering to the rescue.

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control the flutter of his heart. "Halt!" Dismount and wait here! were the next orders, almost whispered, and again Farwell pushed out into the front, and again the column swung out of saddle, watched and waited, and presently the men began to stamp about in the snow and thrash their stamping fingers.

"Are we close to 'em now, Master Will?" asked old Terry, unbroken.

"Right ahead, they say, corporal. But this, remember, is only the women and children, with a few of the old men."

"Ah, it's your father's son, ye me, son—clod, rest his soul! If it was daytime, ye could almost see from here the tracks of the Mud Pass, where we struck these Indians three years ago this winter."

"I know," said Will briefly, "and if it comes to fighting here, Rock, remember father's last order. It may be harder than ever to tell back from the brush, behind Farwell, how the sound of battle grew fiercer and louder.

"They will, too, as they would if the captain himself was at their head, and, Master Will, for the love of heaven, whenever ye have to go this night

He struggled to his feet, groping for his revolver.

Let me be wan of them that go wid ye if ye only take wan," and there was a break in the old fellow's voice as he began his plea.

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Newport received another touch of winter yesterday, snow falling steadily throughout the day.

There is no half way station for Cuba. As the Inter Ocean pitifully puts it, "It will either be the Republic of Cuba or the slave colony of Spain."

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador to the United States, is now 60 years old. He will soon reach the age when the rule of the diplomatic service will require his retirement.

China has ordered nine new war-ships in England and Germany. The sleepy old empire has not yet ascertained where they will be built the best fighting craft in the world.

Through the courtesy of Congress, man Bull the Mercury has received a quantity of garden seeds which will be distributed, while they last, to persons having use for them who will call at the office.

A late estimate of the fascio in India is that it will involve as large a population as that of the United States before running its course. The \$5,000,000 raised in England will only make a beginning in the work of relief.

A Western exchange says: The American yacht designing Herreshoff are building a thirty-knot torpedo boat, but unless a restraining clause is put in the contract it will be apt to make thirty-five knots when warmed up.

The recent burning of the Pennsylvania State Capitol has started an agitation for change of location, and a bill to remove the seat of government from Harrisburg to Philadelphia has already been introduced in the state legislature.

Boston is still agitating the "L" road question. A bill granting the Lancaster Elevated R. R. Co. the desired franchise is now before the Massachusetts legislature. The bill calls for electricity as the motive power and allows any system but the Massachusetts, the capital stock of the company is placed at \$10,000,000.

Gentlemen Corbett approves heartily of the new law of Nevada. He is convinced that it will be the means of proving to the world that, in the opinion of the Governor of Nevada at least, Corbett and Fitzsimmons are "not a couple of low bred things, but simply men of action, who are to enter a contest of endurance."

There is said to be good authority for the statement that there are within the limits of the Greater New York 16,000 husbands under bonds to support their wives. This is a state of things, indeed. Fifteen thousand cases where marriage cannot be denied to be a failure. The interesting statement is added that 60 per cent. of the wives were married in their teens and 20 per cent. of them are still under age.

The aggregate amount of all life insurance in force in Rhode Island at the close of 1896 was \$56,741,020, against \$55,881,670 on Jan. 1, 1896. This amount was spread over 138,421 policies. New policies, all told, numbered 40,704 in 1896, while 33,373 ceased to be in force during the year. The regular life and assessment companies wrote a larger amount of business in 1896 than in 1895, but the industrial concerns wrote less than in 1895.

A farmer near Jackson, Me., has found gold on his farm. He took several specimens of the ore to Bangor, Friday of last week, where it was assayed and found to contain about two ounces of gold to the ton. The cost of working the mine would be about \$25 a ton. A number of Montreal and Quebec capitalists are interested in the discovery, as are the neighboring farmers, who are digging holes all over their farms looking for the yellow metal.

Temperature of the week ending February 20th will average above normal and rainfall below normal.

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Rhode Island figures largely in the Soudy Civil bill which was placed on the House calendar this week. The last installment of \$80,000 is appropriated for completing the Harbor of Refuge at Point Judith, where the expenditure of \$50,000 had previously been authorized, since the work was begun in 1892. For the further improvement of Providence river and Narragansett Bay, for which it has been estimated that \$400,000 will be needed during 1897, \$124,000 is appropriated in the present bill. Provision is also made for the construction of a new steam tender for lighthouse service in Rhode Island waters. The entire appropriation of the bill call for \$50,664,763.

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Cubans Resolved on Freedom.

As far as can be judged from the utterances of the Cuban insurgents, and of their representatives outside of the island, the time has passed when they can go into any parley with Spain except to arrange the terms of complete independence. They present the arguments supporting this position with calmness and force, as well as unusual energy, and they certainly appeal strongly to the judgment of the citizens of every American republic. Even if Spain should offer to Cuba the comparative freedom of action conceded to Canada, there would yet have to be considered the differences between English and Spanish interpretations of good faith, and between the character of the two European races. England does not look to Canada for revenue, while Spain has clung to Cuba because it could be made a treasure house under a rapacious system.

When the people of the United States undertook to throw off the foreign yoke they never wavered in the object for which they pledged their lives and sacred honor. The republics of Spanish America refused compromises with Spain, and they gauged for all the time the price of complete independence. Cuba, and a neighboring island, are the last of Spain's territorial holdings in America. Upon these she is able to concentrate all her power to oppress and destroy. Nevertheless, the Cubans contend that their title to freedom from the domination of European kings is the same as that of other Americans, and that conditional independence can mean nothing to them. They may be willing to pay an indecency to Spain for an acknowledgement of their independence, but when the present revolution ends it must be with the flag of Cuba flying over a new republic.

Dr. John Gutiérrez, a prominent member of the Cuban Council in Philadelphia, has just made a statement in which he says that the Cubans do not want colonial autonomy, and that their great sacrifices are made with the single aim to establish a distinct American nationality. He points out that the bill prepared to grant administrative reforms in Porto Rico is a travesty, as it still subjects the colony to a cross fire from Spanish officials and traders. Spain has incurred enormous debts in dealing with revolted colonies, and the Cubans do not feel that they should help carry the burden, or that they could do it if they would. They are unable to see why the United States should guarantee anything to either Spain or Cuba in behalf of modified colonial government, and thus depart from its established policy of keeping out of foreign quarrels. If this country can assist Spain and Cuba to fix terms granting the independence of the island the Cubans will be glad; but they solemnly declare that they will accept nothing short of absolute freedom from Spain though the desolation now going on should make the once beautiful island a desert.

Weather Bulletin.

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St. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 13.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the southwest from 17th to 21st and the next disturbance will reach the Pacific coast about 22d, cross the west of Rockies country by close of 23d, great central valleys 24th to 26th, eastern states 27th.

Warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 23d, great central valleys 24th, eastern states 25th. Cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 25th, great central valleys 26th, eastern states March 1st.

This disturbance will occur in the high temperature storm period and preceding the storm wave the temperature will average high. But a great fall in temperature is expected between the warm wave of this disturbance and March 9th and therefore the cool wave of this disturbance will probably be a cold wave.

At this time I am not sure whether the cold wave will follow the short described disturbance or the one following and it will be best to prepare for it on the earlier dates as given for the last cool wave in February.

Heavy snows in the north and heavy rains in the south are expected to accompany this disturbance. The northern states should prepare for winter weather in March.

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Some one who has taken the trouble to ascertain the political complexion of all the Legislatures of the forty-five States finds that there is a grand total of 3433 Republicans, 2200 Democrats, 526 Populists and 214 Fusionists, a clear Republican majority of 350. In the Legislatures of twelve Southern States there are 1889 Democrats, 827 Republicans and 204 Populists, which exhibit must be an unpleasant surprise to the Populists who have supposed that they are making much progress in the South.

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Dreaming and Bohemian.

[An Anonymous Entry of Unity Club, 9th Feb., '96.]

Friends, and Acquaintances, and Sadies, we're a time a I attended a lecture, in a queer old town where it was the custom for the presiding officer to introduce the speaker to the audience, and this was the way he did it: "Er—Ah—Fishes and Quaints, I have the honor, with great pleasure, to introduce to you all the High Reverend Bishop, whom I am, J. Jones, Esquire, who will now address you."

That was his way, and he did not dream that he was any other than quite correct in his remark.

The Rules and Regulations of the Unity Club are that every one who is to speak before you this evening must be known by the same name, and that name is "Anonymous," therefore I must sit down by the rules, and cannot even so much as hint to you I am. The President is not permitted disclose my identity, and there is only myself who is able to do it, and I shall therefore assume the privilege of saying to you, on the strict quiet, that I am "Er—Well never mind, you know a road by any other name will smell as sweet. I can say, however, that in a Campmeeting and don't fall from anywhere, but came here from my last stoping place, where the people were so much interested in me as to advise me to travel for my health, and see if a change of air would do me any good.

Well, I am here this evening at the request of the Club (printed in the papers, which I take when I can get them, without going through the ceremony of asking for them), and also by the earnest desire of the janitor who, like the average kitchen girl, runs the house, whom he can, and is therefore an official, and I am told that I am expected to talk to you all. Dreams, a Sleepy Stoiker, and if you see any point in my remarks, you will have to go very far to catch it.

Our subject, as you doubtless admit, is one that pro-Supposes Sleep, and that condition is often the chief factor, although there are others which may, if I don't forget them, be named after a while.

Then there was Joseph, who had two mysterious dreams about the wheat sheaves, and another one about the sun and moon and stars, which both interpreters are said to have conducted themselves with remarkable oddity, and in an entirely inexplicable manner.

There are many other similar occurrences mentioned in Scripture, and we also find therein that dreams were fully authorized, and strictly proper, and this assertion is made on the strength of the quotation, viz: Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions.

Mark the distinction here given. The old men shall dream dreams. Why? Was it because of their longer experience in life that enabled them to do better in this work? Were their minds more active, or had they a larger scope of vision? In which labor in this dream young men shall see visions.

Young people's dreams, however, are much more likely to be not seen soon during sleep, but rather of another kind, known generally as Day Dreams, which under favorable conditions afford opportunity for the passing away of time, which would otherwise hang heavily.

And Dreaming. The creation of Gas in the air, Reverie, and all similar occupations and ample food in Love, Politics, Society, Business and numerous other subjects, all of which in their turn may come to any or all of us, under different circumstances and from different causes.

Finally, kind friends, is this last remark the result of imagination or is it only a very bad dream?

Hicksomos Johns.

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said his father, showing him the baby; "you will love her dearly, will you not?" "Yes, of course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival; "but I'll come a good deal to keep her, won't I?" "I presume so."

"Tom," said Tomms, with a long-drawn breath; "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit, you said you couldn't afford it."

"I wonder," said the policeman who knows more about the local regulations than about Biblical history, "why it was that Joshua made the sun stop?"

And the member of the bicycle squad expanded his chest and looked learned and answered: "That's easy, he probably arrested it for robbing."

Light and Love.

The women have a quarrel with Edith.

They won't let him invent an illuminated night keyhole.

They don't want their husbands, when coming home late from their clubs, to slip in and up stairs and catch them asleep when they want to make believe they have been sitting up waiting for them all night.—Exchange.

Teacher—"Tommy, what do you mean by 'naughty boy'?"

Tommy—"I don't do nothing." Teacher—"Why, Tommy! you whistled! I heard you."

Tommy—"My mother says you shouldn't believe all you hear."

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SATURDAY, FEB. 6.

The McCord murder hearing continued at Greenfield, Mass.—Banquet of the Marksmen's Republican club at Boston—Anarchy reigning in Canada; Christians shot down on sight by Turkish soldiers; the city in flames—Rumor of taking of Guanabacoa by Cubans confirmed—Edward J. Ivory files claim for \$10,000 indemnity against the British Government with the state department—Northwestern National bank of Great Falls, Mont., in trouble—Lexow committee on trusts questions Theodore A. Havener at New York—Protest against the counting of the electoral votes of South Carolina for Bryan and Sewall—Major McKinley urged Hanna to accept the postoffice portfolio—Nearly all Fall River print cloth concerns shut down—Torpedo boat No. 6 shows a mean speed of 29 knots—Mrs. Brecker falling rapidly—Death of Charles LaTourne, the famous baseball pitcher—Lockout of iron moulder in Cambridge, Mass.—G. P. Pierce, a provision goods salesman at Boston, confesses to stealing \$100—Two women badly burned, one probably fatally, at a fire in Charlestown, Mass.—Kneels, the American horsemen, sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in Berlin—Organization of the National Sound Money League at New York—Secretary Olney offered professorship of international law at Harvard.

SUNDAY, FEB. 7.

Arbitration treaty discussed by ex-Governor Boutwell, ex-Governor Long and others at the Massachusetts club dinner at Boston—Electoral vote count may not be interrupted by Murray of South Carolina—Quebec Liberals indignant at utterances of Gare Fancher of Old Lorette—Unknown man struck by an engine in Newton, Mass., and instantly killed—Fall River, Mass., iron fixers strike settled—National Cycle Track association organized in New York—Wendell block, Portsmouth, N. H., burned—Anniversary of signing of treaty of alliance between France and American colonies observed in New York—Maryland machine Republicans opposed to McConaughy for the cabinet—General Gomez refuses to treat with General Weyler; more reports of influenza treatment of Cuban women in Havana prison pens—Virginia free silverites fell into Governor O'Farrell's trap—Record breaking at the Canadian skating championships—Pillsbury and Bowler matched to play chess for a \$2,000 stake—Complex affairs connected with settlement of estate of the late Henry C. Cranston of Providence—Death of Professor Henry L. Whiting of the Massachusetts topographical survey commission at Boston—Mr. Bryan expects to make campaign speeches in Virginia—Evangelist Meyer speaks to two big gatherings in Trenton temple, Boston—John O'Neill, Jr., held for the grand jury on the charge of murdering Mrs. McCord at Buckland, Mass.—Gold mine discovered in Jackson, Me.—Tons of stone thrown into the air by a blast in Roxbury, Mass.—Small classes will again rule in yachting this year—Passenger from Bombay not allowed to land at Marseilles—H. O. Havener and John Ardwicke again before the Lexow committee on trusts at New York—Senators Hear and Lodge endorse the late General Cogswell—District Attorney Horne files a statement of exceptions taken in the Braum murder case—Battleship Indiana gave a good account of herself in the gale on Hatteras.

MONDAY, FEB. 5.

James E. Cotter, counsel for Braum, made experiments aboard the Herk Fuller, and claims that he can now prove Brown's testimony to be unreliable and worthless—Boston to have a new sub-station postoffice—President Cleveland signs an order reducing the number of pension agencies from 15 to nine—Fears for the safety of the North Atlantic squadron caught in the hurricane off Charleston—Charles Wallace Broke, the New York criminal lawyer, dead—Ivory, Mass., First Congregational church celebrates 50th anniversary of its present edifice—Albert Sterritt Billings, a Chicago multi-millionaire, dead—Greek torpedo fleet ready to start for Crete—Minister de Lome commends the system of reforms proposed for Cuba—General Gomez uncompromising—General L. W. Colly organizing an army of American volunteers to go to the aid of Cuba—Boston experts on yachting favor Corbett—Trilly party at innovation in church entertainments—The general arbitration treaty to be taken up in the senate—Report of the rules committee of the National Baseball League insists on more backbone in theumpires—John Nichols Brown contributes \$264,000 for the completion of Providence public library—Mark Hanna will not enter McKinley's cabinet; proposes to be senator or nothing—Pennsylvania legislature will meet in a church—Mrs. Bridget McCloud and Mrs. Johanna Wodden of Charlestown, Mass., die from burns, due to use of kerosene in a coal stove—George F. Washburn of the People's party advocates separate action from that of the Democrats—John E. Barnes, secretary and treasurer of the sugar trust, calls on the president-elect and afterward sees Hanna—Boston Central Labor union denounces the Lodge immigration bill and favors house bill 169—Condition of the City of Boston such as to cause grave concern to his people—Four persons asphyxiated by coal gas at Boston—A. F. Staltery, a priest, attacked by a mob in Philadelphia—Steamers ice-bound off Newfoundland coast—New Bedford and Taunton, Mass., may complete the New England baseball league circuit—State central committee of People's party of Massachusetts affirms its allegiance to the St. Louis platform.

TUESDAY, FEB. 6.

Major McKinley receives Governor Long's acceptance of the navy portfolio—Motion for new trial filed by counsel for William Kennedy, convicted at Salem, Mass., of attempting to poison Albert F. Leary—Harvard and Yale crew captains confer at Cambridge—Harvard administrative board tables complaints against students interested in the celebration of Jan. 26—Mrs. Beecher rapidly sinking—Vessels of Europe's fleet have terrible experience and lose four men—The senate refused to consider the arbitration treaty in open session—Wounded Cuban soldiers in a rebel hospital killed by Spaniards—Spanish army in Cuba tired of futile marching—Union of Crete and Greece proclaimed at Athens—Lexow committee examines Secretary Seawell of the sugar company and adjourns until Saturday—Gigantic purchase of Fall River print cloths—Thaw throws 100 hands out of work on the Kennebec—C. K. Arter elected captain of the Amherst football eleven—Walter K. Shaw of Fugor, Me., arrested for embezzlement—Marshal Parsons of Gloucester, Mass., asked to resign—Chairman Hanna to conduct a sound money campaign through the newspapers for four years to come—Normal school question likely to cause a big

fight in Maine legislature—Two men discharged from Exeter, N. H., jail, after being there nearly a year—C. A. Eaton & Co. of Brockton, Mass., start up their factory as a non-union shop—Holt murder trial begun at Auburn, Me.—Pittsburg and Homestead steel works resuming operations in full—State of Georgia believed to have gone down with all on board—At Boston, counsel for Thomas M. C. Braum filed another motion for new trial—General Seddon Connor of Portland, Me., said to be a candidate for the Boston pension agency—Petition for incorporation of an elevated railroad to operate in Boston and vicinity filed in the house—Goldard defeats Dooley in a glove fight at Johannesburg in two rounds—Lavigne defeats McPartland in a 25-round fight in New York—President of an Okala, Fla., bank charged with embezzeling \$80,000.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10.

Major McKinley will use his own judgment in filling cabinet places with representatives from New York and the South—Senate considered arbitration treaty in executive session; house passed two pension bills over president's veto—John M. Stevenson elected representative at Pittsfield, Mass.—Brain denied a new trial—Two men killed and 19 injured in riots in Hamburg—Madie chain diggers denounce the bill in the legislature to establish a close time on chains—Richmond ladies have a celebration in honor of Washington and Jefferson Davis—Bath, Me., wants a government dry dock built in that city—G. A. R. state encampment to open in Worcester, Mass.—New Hampshire senate kills the bill abolishing fast day—New York Journal of Commerce sees more confidence in the future of dry goods—Men injured on cruiser Marblehead taken to Charleston Marine Hospital—Convention of Rhode Island, department of the Grand Army—Spain promises to release Julio Sanz—Damage to the cruiser Brooklyn a more serious than at first anticipated—Cattle owners and cattle commission meet at Worcester, Mass.—L. A. W. convention at Albany begins—Mitzsahns starts for Nevada—New England regiment of the volunteers of America to be organized with headquarters at Boston—Annual meeting of men to be held at Trinity Church on Feb. 17—Massachusetts Highway association at Boston—John Alexander, aged 65, shot his brains out at Wakefield, Mass.—James Curran, a switchman, was killed while coupling cars at Portland, Me.

THURSDAY, FEB. 11.

The Bradley-Martin hall at New York a scene of splendor; no bitch marred its success—Chest of powder explodes in a Boston gun store, and fire and water damage of \$12,000 ensues—Bill for an elevated railway for Boston submitted to the legislature—Yates will row both Harvard and Cornell this year, and will enter a dual league with Harvard in all sports for five years—Massachusetts G. A. R. encampment at Worcester—Elected Peter A. Smith junior vice commander, and selects Boston for the next meeting place—Ipswich (Mass.) women victims of a clever swindler, who presented them 10 per cent dividends in two weeks—Acolyte, for which General Coxey was to pay \$10,000, at Lexington, Ky., for \$100—Pitless Lexington leaves New York for Nevada; is confident of victory—M. Armand Castelnau, the basso, dies while singing in "Martha" in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York—Premier Conover thinks there is nothing incompatible in trying Cuban reforms, even with Weyler—Torpedo boat Ericsson to attempt an inland passage from New York to Charleston—The electoral vote counted by the senate and house jointly assembled—Senator Morgan withdraws skating race at Montreal—President Young issues a call for National Horse League meeting—Canadian government asked to suspend license of the Massachusetts Benefit association—Bill establishing state printing plant introduced in the Massachusetts legislature—Counsel for Braum argue on the motion for new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence—Torpedo boat No. 6 on her oiler trial shows speed of 23.745 knots—Alderman Bleier of Cambridge, Mass., a candidate for collector of internal revenue.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12.

G. A. R. encampment at Worcester, Mass., closes with a banquet, at which Governor Wolcott speaks most eloquently—Isaac R. Potter elected president of L. A. W. at Albany—Christians and Moslems fast and murder in Crete—Reed angry because appropriations committee calls for too much money—Captain Philo M. McGillicuddy, U. S. N., commits suicide in New York—Bradley-Martin guest pays \$5000 for plebe of old Irish race—Judge Bishop of Salem, Mass., overrules motion for a new trial for William Kennedy, charged with poisoning A. F. Leary—Stuart has decided on Carson, Nev., as the place for the fight; Corlett arrives at San Francisco—Poker game at the Quincy House, Boston, interrupted; the next battle may be fought on scientific money vs. metal money.

There will be an informal, unofficial conference in Memphis on Feb. 22. It will be attended by leaders of the party from every section of the country. The Rev. George W. Bushnell, president of the New Haven, Conn., conference, has been invited to speak.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13.

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Mrs. Beecher's Condition, Stamford, Conn., Feb. 10.—The last report received from the home of Rev. Samuel Scoville, son-in-law of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, were that the latter was in a more comfortable condition than at any time for the past 24 hours—the end is approaching so gradually that when it comes it will be as if falling asleep.

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IS AGAINST FUSION

Chairman Washburn of Populists Writes His Ideas.

Says His Plan Would Unite All Parties—Believe Populist Lamb Should Not Be Swallowed by Tammany Tiger.

Boston, Feb. 8.—George F. Washburn, chairman of Massachusetts People's party committee, has written the following open letter:

Hon. J. A. Edgerton, Secretary People's party, National Committee, Lincoln,

Mass.—Dear Sir—I congratulate you on your very able letter. It is plausible, and would do credit to any able lawyer, with a weak case, but you have not made plain why two parties should force one issue, nor have you ransomed away the actual dangers that threaten the life of our party and the reform press.

I do not fear the abandonment of either or any change in the platform, and my appeal must not be construed to mean that.

You do not discriminate between planks and issues. Our platform contains many planks, but the annual budget was fought on one issue, which we did not abandon to the other planks. We made a subordinate plank of the issue, trusting to win by aid of the alliance. In the case of the platform, scientific money comes first. We forced the Democrats to champion silver, but we stand ready to defend it, when necessary.

I have received hundreds of letters, coming from nearly every state in the union, representing every fraction of the party and including nearly every leader, and the unanimous sentiment sustains my appeal. Your letter bears the distinction of being the only one opposed, and The Rocky Mountain News the only paper, so far as received.

White—I do not ascribe to you the intent, nevertheless, you plan of having an alliance with the Democrats, would bring in a unit of the Populists, and the Tammany tiger, but with the former inside the latter. It was possible to unite during the fighting campaign. It is not wise to continue the union during an educational one.

Your plan would force us to follow the Democrats under their banner, when we should lead them under our own. Your plan would humiliate our brave people, while mine would inspire and embolden them. You favor retaining a subordinate plank as useless. I favor making the main one, which includes yours, the issue.

You favor a plan that would factionize the party and divide the west and south. I favor a plan that would unite all factions, and lead to victory. You favor a plan that would suppress our main plank. I favor a plan that would open the door to discussion when the people want to talk about them. You favor a plan that would add thousands of adherents to another party. I favor a plan that would add thousands of adherents to our own.

Fusion for a campaign may be polite, but permanent fusion of identical issues means absorption and disintegration for our party. Disintegration from the same cause is the death of the party.

You favor a plan that may be abandoned by the Democrats through some form of compromise. I favor a plan that would not be affected by these changes.

You favor a plan that would enable the Democrats to absorb the Populists, and pave the way for a union of the two wings of Democracy, leaving the future of reform a forlorn hope. I favor a plan that would force the Democrats to advance to our position rather than to recede from theirs.

You favor a plan that would wreak and ravage all the reform papers of the land. I favor a plan that would preserve them, to aid other questions. I favor the alliance of the people, or should an international agreement be reached by the Republicans. It would leave the silver forces stranded without an issue and afford them an excuse for backsliding.

The issues I favor are the ones that will command the attention of the people during the next four years. Why attempt to force one issue, when the people will discuss the others?

This move on the part of the Populists will silence all parts at the head of the cause of reform, with the Democrats protecting the rear. Our defense of the grandstand will add thousands of voters to our ranks.

The radicals of today are the conservatives of tomorrow. If we educate the people between elections, on scientific money, metal money will become the conservative measure of the future, until the invaluable paper dollar shall finally take its turn and become the money of all nations. The next battle may be fought on scientific money vs. metal money.

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Yours fraternally,

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Selected Tale.

"TEET CORBEAU."

He was youngest of six, the son of Mrs. Eliza and Peyton Jackson, her husband, whose grave was in the black loam of the Yucco Delta. Properly speaking, his name was George Washington Jackson; but when the father died and Mrs. Eliza gathered her desolate brood and drifted across the river to Louisiana, the Choctawhau folk christened George Washington.

It was Pierre Arayou who stood sponsor for the small black unit, and it happened in this wise. One evening George Washington sat perched upon the top rail of the white-washed fence shutting off the street from the front yard of the hotel wherein Mrs. Eliza wrought as cook. He was a bushy mullet for his age, very thin, and very black. The swamp fever of the Delta had buried the childhood out of his features until they seemed to have years the start of his skin's little body; but his eyes were sharp and bird-like, and his balance on the thin edge of the fence rail was perfect, like that of a sparrow on a telegraph wire.

Pierre, boughing with Jean Barbinou, Nicodeme Fayard, and Francois Bonou on the steps of M'sieu Antoine's store next door to the hotel, pointed out the balancing figure to his compatriots.

"Bleat h! I'll gone have dat plackin' law you'll," he said, with a dash of the latent Creole humor. "You'll be on leetle crow—*tu PETIT CORBEAU!*"

That was all, but it was enough; and in the course of time even Mrs. Eliza succumbed to the force of example. Many times a day her voice might be heard all the way across to the railway station as she called, "You 'Teet Corbeau' Come 'long in dis yer house on—do this or that or the other, light tasks, all of them, for the 'little crow' was not of the strong-handed.

One of these tasks was ringing the bell for the meals at the hotel; and twice a day, at breakfast and supper time, "Teet Corbeau" would not willingly have exchanged hours with a drum-major. Choctawhau was the breakfast station for train No. 6, and the sun-up station for No. 8, and bound of these hours the small bell-ringer had never to be reminded, at least by word of mouth.

The long mellow blast from the locomotive, echoing through the arches of the express for it like the cry of some great bird, never failed to set his spindly legs in motion toward the shelf where stood the cracked dinner-set. By the time the passengers began to straggle across from the station, "Teet Corbeau" would be at his post in front of the gate, swinging his bell as if the entire patronage of the Choctawhau Hotel depended upon the amount of noise made by one small negro.

After all he would become punkah-boy in the dining-room, which is to say that another of his duties was to pull the string which kept the fly-flaps in motion over the tables while the guests ate. This duty was even a greater honor than the other, inasmuch as the fly-string came down from a pulley in the ceiling just behind the chair at the head of the middle-table—a chair which was always reserved for the train conductor.

Now the conductor of a passenger train is not without honor in any State, but in Louisiana his dignity is honored, upheld by both gentle and simple. He is addressed as "Captain," he sits at the head of the table; and he is always served first and with the best. By the time he is respected as an autocrat who has only to look at his watch to bring the most savory meal to an untimely end; and by the servants his train is dressed rather more than the most irreducible guest in plain clothes.

"Teet Corbeau" feared the Captain not less than he loved him; and for himself he had but one ambition. It was to grow up and become the body-servant of one of these great men; to black his shoes; to beat the dust out of his uniform; and to polish the brass buttons thereof. There were doubtless many other things which the Captain would require at the hands of his "boy," but of these "Teet Corbeau" would not allow himself to think. He hoarded these indefinite and undefined services as another child might put away sweetmeats.

In the mean time, it was pleasure enough to be permitted to stand twice each day behind the chair of Captain Blake, or Captain Messenger, or Captain Gray, as the case might be. And although the fly-flaps waggled impatiently, so far as one could see, swishing over the heads of the just and the unjust—and over the empty plates as well—it required but a slight stretch of imagination on the part of the punkah-boy to fancy that all of his pulling and bobbing and swaying were undivided into the rustling fringe of tissue paper swinging back and forth over the Captain's head.

One morning No. 6 came in late, and the pilot of the engine was covered with drift wood and sodden grass. Captain Messenger was in command, and "Teet Corbeau" listened eagerly to the talk at the breakfast table.

"Pretty close shave, wasn't it, Captain?" said a passenger in a lined duster and a silk travelling cap.

"Oh, no, sir; I don't reckon you could call it that. Back-water don't mean much trouble unless it gets too high."

"But my dear sir, I looked out of the window once and saw the track ahead of the engine steadily floating!"

"Yes, it does that—a way as soon as the ties get covered—you see there's enough wood in them to float the iron in the rails. But the back water comes in easy like, and don't wash the back down. Now, right along in the track of the crevasses it's a mighty sight different, I can tell you. If the Texas breaks and lots in the rise from the other side, I reckon it might tie us up sure enough."

"You reckon the Crebence water will back up as far as this?" asked another passenger.

"It will, sir," replied the Captain. "By tomorrow morning that'll be a foot of water in Choctawhau."

"Then you're likely to have a vacation at the lower end of your run, Captain," said a Red River planter, half way down the track.

"No, I reckon not. My regular run brings me down or 8 tomorrow evenin' in' and if the Texas don't break, we'll make it all right."

The planter sneered and the face swelled, and "Teet Corbeau" ducked and dodged indifferently; but he heard, and he heard, and he heard.

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Furniture.

OLD OAK

Chamber Set,
Wire Springs

AND

SOFT TOP MATTRESS,
FOR \$25.00,

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BRYER'S.

PACKING.

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FURNITURE, CROCKERY,
BRIC-A-BRAC, PICTURES and
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WHATCHEER LAGER555 Thames St., our, Lee & Sons.
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Rubber Boots,
At our usual moderate prices, atM. S. HOLM'S,
105 Thames Street,
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REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1897, my place of business will be No. 15 Market Square. Any one who has umbrellas or parasols will please allow them here.

Established 1872. Prizes and odd sets. Dry and wet second-hand furniture and antiques.

ROOKE'S BARBERSHOP, Ferry Wharf, 15.

COME EARLY

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ALL THE NEWEST STYLES AT

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STRENGTH, VITALITY, MANHOOD

THE SCIENCE
OF LIFE

W. H. PARTRIDGE, M. D., a Boston physician, has

published the new work, "The National

Menstruation and Ovarian Disease,"

which is the first and only

comprehensive work on the subject.

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Preserves, for the cure of

Inflammation of the Liver, and

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Rage of Miniatures.

Too many of our old-time fashions are going out, but, one, at least, is coming in again. I speak of the wearing of miniatures. There are indeed quite a range for these delicate little portraits just now of our fairest women and children. You may have them in any size you may choose; wear them as brooches, or in buttons, waist-bands, or shoulder-buckles. They are charming, too, in series as a medallion on the cover of an ivory or tortoise shell notebook and case, or pet vulture of any kind. And I imagine a miniature would become the top of a lovely small bottle upon one's toilet table. Only the other day I heard of an American millionaire who gave orders to a fashionable miniature painter to emboss his watchcase with flowers of the same emblem round the cherub heads of his two tiny daughters. For my part, I would like to spend the watch to see the inside of the case and close the smiling face of one near and dear to me.

"Such a pretty, dainty art, that of

Schreier's Queen Anne Millinery Establishment

143 THAMES STREET.

The Leading House Reduction in Every Department.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

There is no reason why you should wear an old hat when you can get a new one for a small sum. Every hat in our Trimmed Hat Department reduced. Just take a look at them and bear in mind that a stylish and comfortable hat, bought from a reliable house, is always appreciated.

Walking Hats in all colors at reduced prices. Untrimmed Hats in the leading shapes, at lower prices than ever.

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Largest assortment of Ostrich and Coque Plumes.

Misses and Children's Tam O'Shaunsters.

Latest colors in Silk and Velvet Roses.

Jet and Rhinestone Ornaments of every description.

Remember Prices the lowest! Our goods guaranteed!

PILLOW DEX,

The New and Popular Game.

FUN FOR EVERYBODY.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE GAME EVER PUBLISHED,

25 and 50 cents.

We want you to inspect our line of

PLAYING CARDS.

We are Headquarters for these Goods. See our leaders,

For 10c, 15c, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 75c, up.

ALL THE NEW

PARLOR GAMES,

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A. C. LANDERS'.

167 Thames Street.

Odds and Ends Sale!

We have Taken Stock and Find a Great Many

ODD SUITS

Odd Coats and Vests

—AND—

ODD COATS, which we offer at

50c. on a Dollar.

[IN SOME CASES LESS.]

Special Bargains

—IN—

OVERCOATS and ULSTERS.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.

208 THAMES STREET. 208

Fishing in Alaska.

If you want to fish, go to Alaska. One evening we walked along the beach and came upon a little half-breed boy lying on his back on the sand, with his hands clasped under his head. He was fishing. A quarter-inch rope was tied to a stake, with a little of the mesh of it looped around his foot, and it ran out into the water. Almost immediately after we came there was a bite. The boy looked indifferently at the fisherman, then he caught a couple of lancers and another odd and so on. When he arose after awhile to go the boy would in his hand, said a few words in Aleut about the weather or something else, and pick out one of the fish that suited his fancy, went home.—Chicago Record.

Wheelbarrow Instead of Knapack.

Major Padrun, of the Italian army, has invented a very ingenious contrivance which is designed to supersede the knapack. He has invented a vehicle to which he has given the name of the cyclosoar, or the sack on wheels. On this will be carried the baggage of two soldiers, and the upright of the tent will be used to convert it into a sort of wheelbarrow, which the soldier can drag behind him when ascending or pushing before when descending. The two soldiers will take it turns to push or draw the cyclosoar, and it is confounded that this arrangement will not merely enable the troops to march much longer distance, but to fight much better on the field of battle, being relieved of all impediments which can be left in these light wheelbarrows in the rear.—[Philadelphia Record.]

Mardi Gras—New Orleans.

The Southern Railway, the direct line between New York and New Orleans, announces one fare, round trip rates, from Washington to New Orleans. Tickets for sale on Feb. 20th to March 1st, inclusive, and good to return within fifteen days from date of sale. The time between New York and New Orleans is thirty-two hours, and the service is perfect in every respect. Dining and sleeping cars on the limited trains. For further information, call on or address New York Office, 211 Broadway.

About the State.

The Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor at Pawtucket and the Orphan Asylum on Prairie Avenue, Providence, were beneficiaries under the will of Bridget McGinn, which was filed Tuesday. The testator was a resident of the town of Wallingford, Conn.

The Kent Worsted mill, of Contreval, which was wrecked by a boiler explosion, expects to be in operation again in a week or two. The old chimney has been taken down and a new one 100 feet high has been built, also a boiler house, which will contain two new boilers. Two new turbines have been purchased to replace those destroyed in the wrecked building.

The \$2,000,000 improvement at Providence, inaugurated by the Consolidated road about four years ago, is rapidly nearing completion, and it is expected to go well up to the middle of May next the new station and the elevated roadway will, according to the latest information on this matter, be opened to public travel.

Preparations for the Rhode Island Christian Endeavor Convention, which is to be held at Westerly, on Monday, Feb. 22, have now been practically completed and the official programme issued in printed form. Extensive arrangements have been made to accommodate the crowd, that is certain to attend, and railroad excursion tickets have been issued to ensure the attendance of delegates from all over the State.

The annual encampment of the department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, was held in Harris Hall, Woonsocket, Tuesday, and the occasion was honored by the presence of Gen. Thaddeus S. Clarkson of Omaha, Neb., commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; Gen. C. A. Sundam, inspector general; Capt. Edmund L. Zalinski, Gen. C. R. Dennis, assistant inspector general, and others.

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